Distractions

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Distractions

by FujinoLover

Summary

Two spies fighting their own demons—one a workplace crush and the other a crushing loss—find the perfect distraction when they meet.

Notes

Thanks to LGCoffeeAddict for the title and summary.

Hannah Karpinski, a pastry chef, was Root's cover ID in *Prophets*.

Hannah arrived alone at the bar that night. After giving a cursory sweep of the patrons while she lingered on the entrance, and deemed no one suspicious was around, she went straight to the bar. On the way over, she threw a glance at the booth she usually occupied with Tammy, pressed together despite the vast space available as they clinked their beers and laughed at shared stories. Setting her jaw together, she walked faster.

Tammy was the exact reason she had gone out alone tonight. With Naomi staying on Ryan's, her house was too big and her thought was too loud. She needed to be alone in a crowd where it could take her mind somewhere other than her friend. That seemed to be hardest thing to achieve as the bartender arrived, grinned at her in recognition, and asked her where Tammy was.

"Tammy is home," Hannah said, smiling back. She slid the bills on the counter in exchange for the cold beer in her hand. One drink, it was all she promised herself. "It's only me tonight."

The bartender made a small *ah* sound and dipped her head sagely. "Trouble in paradise?"

Hannah halted on taking a sip when the implication hit her. "We're not—" but the bartender had her attention on the new patrons to her right and sent her another smile before darting to cater them. "We're not," Hannah said to the sweating bottle.

Ending an over a decade relationship was not easy. Change never is, but it was refreshing. Not quite like a burden being lifted off her shoulders, but putting her signatures down on the divorce papers were oddly freeing somehow. She figured she had mourned for the end of her marriage the moment she began jumping from one mission to another while Ryan and Naomi settled in New Orleans, so decompressing was next. What she didn't expect, however, was to come out of that with a realization that she too had moved on to another—to *Tammy*.

Surely it posed less complication than a few months ago, but she had to make sure that Tammy wasn't a mere passing interest, or worse, a rebound, just because she was always there for her. Then there was the doubt of Tammy even feeling the same way, what with her way of pushing Hannah to get back into the game that gave away zero interest in her own part.

Gulping down half of her bottle, she distracted herself by her surrounding again. Her eyes scanned through the crowd with more interest and stopped short when she was met with a pair of dark ones across the room. The electro pop music she didn't recognize was still playing in the background, low enough so no one had to yell to have a conversation. She held the gaze and smiled.

Hannah almost finished her bottle when dark eyes made a way next to her. Empty beer bottle exchanged with two cold ones. She only noticed the presence when one was slid over to her. She was ready to decline when she actually saw the woman up-close and the rejection died in her throat. She was again, confronted by a woman who vaguely resembles Tammy. She wasn't sure if it was her luck or just her mind looking for every semblance every woman who showed interest in her with her friend and capitalized on them. It was surely a sign that she

should have her shit together and figured out what she wanted to do with this feeling, because there was no denying it anymore.

It was a blink-and-you-missed-it moment. The woman tilted her head slightly, as though she was listening to a whisper in her ear, before she offered her hand. Arm stretched forward and turned in a way that made the light hit the mark inked on its inner side. The U.S.M.C. and its insignia stood out against her skin. Hannah swore it was all intentional, but the woman had no way of knowing that she was NCIS.

“I’m Shaw.”

“Hannah.”

Shaking the hand, noting the certain calluses that came from regular handling of firearms, Hannah scolded herself. She had to stop over thinking everything—that was the reason she was in the bar in the first place. Although it didn’t hurt that Shaw had plenty of similar features with Tammy—she didn’t even want to unpack *that* line of thought.

“Not a pastry chef?”

The question threw Hannah off, but the grin Shaw had made it obvious that it was an inside joke. “No,” she said, and didn’t offer more.

“Bad day?”

Hannah nodded. “The usual. And you?”

It wasn’t getting herself out, back in the dating game. She was interested in dating one certain person, but she wasn’t ready to do anything about it yet. This beautiful distraction, however, she welcomed with a smile.

“Nothing shootin’ some kneecaps can’t fix.”

It wasn’t even funny and the way Shaw was saying it with all seriousness was supposed to be worrying, but Hannah found herself chuckling. “I can get you arrested for that,” she said back, making sure to accompany it with a smile so Shaw knew she was jesting.

“I know,” Shaw said. “You’re not really discreet.”

“Neither were you.”

Shaw wasn’t really talkative and it suited Hannah just fine. They did exchange basic information that barely scratched the surface. *Private security* and *feds*. *Tours* and *undercover*. They both agreed on *beers* and *tahdig* and obviously, *brunettes*. Hannah was scared that if it went any deeper, she would open her mouth and all the feelings she harbored for Tammy would pour out in spades. She was there to stop thinking.

“My hotel room is down the street.”

It amazed Hannah what seven simple words could reveal: a possibility of intimacy with no further string attached.

“You wanna get out of here?” Shaw asked with no pretense of what she had actually offered.

Hannah took a moment to consider, one too long that any other woman would take it as rejection, but Shaw remained. Like she understood. It wasn’t because Shaw was a woman. Hannah had been with women as much as she had been with men—she was hanging out in a lesbian bar while contemplating her crush for a very female coworker, for crying out loud. It was just that she didn’t really do one nightstand, not even after she was done with bad hair and braces and hit homerun with her spurt of late puberty. She didn’t know how to do this, but for once she wanted to.

Eventually she nodded, pushing herself off the stool. Shaw didn’t move from her own, not until Hannah said, “Yes.” With more certainty and another smile, she added, “Let’s get out of here.”

It wasn’t a long walk to the hotel and they didn’t talk. Shaw didn’t spare a glance at her until they rode the elevator up. Hannah liked that. As much as she liked having someone’s full attention, Shaw was confident and trusting enough that she wouldn’t bail on her. It had her leaning forward, bending a little to kiss the corner of Shaw’s lips the moment the room door locked behind them. It was a test, but she was going in blind, so she just had to. Shaw didn’t push it to be something more and Hannah finally felt comfortable enough to kiss her on the lips.

The contact brought out a sigh. It was nice, surprisingly tame despite the obvious reason they were there. She tugged Shaw’s hair out of its ponytail and told herself that she just had to be able to run her fingers through them to ground herself. It had nothing to do with how much more similar it made Shaw to Tammy.

“Leave the jacket.” Shaw breathed out, a hand over the top button of her shirt. “May I?” she asked before tugging on Hannah’s earlobe with her teeth, thumb pressing against the back of said ear.

Hannah couldn’t stop the full-body shudder from the stimulation. Politeness wasn’t one she expected to find during a hookup with a stranger. Tammy would have pointed out how the stranger was treating Hannah like she was a replacement for someone else—the one who got away or a lover long gone. But Hannah really shouldn’t think about what Tammy would think of the situation, not even the exclusive version of Tammy that lived in her mind.

Tonight was not about Tammy, or anything other than Hannah getting screwed until she couldn’t think anymore, so she stuffed the thought away and nodded. The gesture didn’t satisfy Shaw, who was content to linger and brush her teeth on Hannah’s neck until she whimpered a weak *yeah* and felt Shaw’s lips curl up into a grin.

Hannah almost laughed when a frustrated growl hit her skin soon after. The shirt she was wearing tugged out of her jeans, but its tiny buttons were pissing Shaw off. For a moment it seemed like she’d like nothing more than ripping the fabric apart and Hannah shivered. It was

nice to feel desired after so long, even though Shaw calmed herself enough to undo the buttons one by one.

Due to Shaw's own request for her to keep her jacket, it left her top mostly intact. In return, she helped her take off her blouse, long dark hair tumbled back down her shoulders in a way that took Hannah's breath away, but her eyes locked on the gun tucked on Shaw's waistband. Shaw noticed, untangling herself and without a word going over to the desk on her left. She put her gun and backup piece that she had strapped on her ankle in the drawer.

"I hope you have permits for those."

Shaw grinned. "I do, ma'am." And proceeded to strip the rest of her clothes.

Even with only the wall lights on, Hannah could do nothing but stare. Shaw was clearly the more experienced one on this kind of encounters, she wasn't sure to feel calm or concerned over the fact. She was a little dumbfounded and a lot mesmerized when Shaw walked up to her, in her naked womanly glory all free for her to take. In the low light, she could easily pass as Tammy and Hannah choked on the longing that suddenly hit her.

Shaw smirked at the jacket, and the open red shirt underneath, and the simple black bra Hannah wore. Her hands ran through the smooth leather before gripping on her arms to bring their mouths together. Hannah gasped into the kiss, far hungrier than before. Some strands of her hair snuck between them, but Shaw didn't pay attention to it as she was too busy pressing herself harder against Hannah.

Blindly, Hannah kicked off her shoes. It brought their heights no closer than before and she smiled around the next round of kiss. She enjoyed being the taller one for once. Her scattered attention brought into the hands that had strayed to her hips and down to the back of her thighs. She didn't doubt that Shaw could lift her up if she wanted; the firm muscles under her palms assured her so. Shaw didn't. Her hands settled on Hannah's hips, so she took the initiative to reach between them and undid her jeans. This time Shaw did help pushing the tight garment down.

They crossed the short distance to the bed with the jeans still around Hannah's knees, impending her movement. She plopped down on the edge of the bed and made a quick work of it along with her panties. There was no need to be shy, but her cheeks did heat up when she noted the damn patch on the garment.

When Shaw straddled her laps, she drew in a stuttered breath, mouth suddenly parched. Equally warm hands were on her face. Dark eyes were staring at hers, all too intense for a mere stranger. Something was off, but the warning alarm in her mind didn't ring the way it did when a suspect said something suspicious. Instead, a warm buzz filled her chest when Shaw kissed her again, far too soft than the ones before, but no less passionate.

Shaw seemed to like her jacket a lot. Her left hand kept running down her shoulder and sleeve over and over. Her right, however, was the one Hannah concentrated on since it began its exploration of her chest. It was a little awkward, sitting under a naked woman with only her tops mostly on, but she had an exploration of her own to do.

After what felt like far too long for a foreplay, Shaw eased to mount a leg and she parted her thighs wider to accommodate. The hand tweaking a nipple under her bra slithered lower, over her navel and pubic bone, until it stopped on the very junction of her legs. She inhaled harshly, mixed with a wanton moan, when sure fingers parted her and tested the wetness between. Her own leg rose up on its own accord, feeling similar reaction when Shaw humped against her.

Hannah was quite content to continue as they were, but Shaw paused low and tilted her head in a silent question. Having learned that only verbal answer would be accepted, Hannah breathed out a *yes*, running a hand over her own hair and missed out the way Shaw's eyes got even darker. Shaw pushed herself inside. One, two, and then Hannah arched as the sensation washed over her. It had been far too long. With her demanding job, and family, and *Tammy*, sex was never her way of relaxing. That would be a glass of wine, a long run before dawn, and lavender bubble bath. Her chest and neck flushes, but when she peered up, Shaw was staring at her with glazed eyes.

Her movement was precise. Speed and strength increased slowly with every thrust. Once Hannah started meeting her, she curled her fingers. When whimpers and mewls slipped out of her lips unbidden, Shaw's thumb found her clit. It was a crescendo of stimulations, going up up up, disturbed only when a hand crept to her neck. It only reached as far as her collarbones before she tensed up. Shaw felt the sudden change, her hand froze where it lay over warm skin, and for the first time since their tryst began, she actually looked at *Hannah*.

"Sorry."

There was anguish in dark eyes. A lover lost then. Before it could be clouded over by embarrassment or anger, Hannah held on Shaw's wrist and stayed her hand at where it was with a firm squeeze. It was easy to reignite the passion after Shaw kissed her as an apology. She was already close before. All it took was a glance. Long dark hair, dark eyes and the knowing smirk. For a split second she saw Tammy on top of her and she finally fell apart.

"Tam—" Hannah cut herself off, biting into her fist as she came.

A shudder was on the heel of her climax. Shaw had slowed her hand down and eventually pulled out, but continued to rock herself on Hannah's thigh. The feeling of her, all wet heat and swollen flesh, against her skin ripped another groan from Hannah.

Shaw was close, Hannah could tell from her almost erratic movement. However, something seemed to hinder her so she tried to help her out. She sneaked her hand between them, fingers offering penetration, but Shaw chased her down. She changed the pattern and put more pressure against her clit, but it didn't do the trick either. She could feel Shaw's frustration in the desperate way her hips undulated, being so close yet unable to attain her desire.

Hannah moved up her neck with the intention of saying *tell me what you need* when she experimentally nipped on the sweaty skin and found what she was looking for when Shaw growled against her shoulder. Her breath lost for a moment. Bolded up by the reaction, she bit harder and Shaw threw her head back as she came apart.

It might be tears, or simply sweat. It was hard to decide when Shaw lowered herself back to mouth on her neck. Not marking, just kisses and scrap of teeth. The heat of her was still burning against Hannah's thigh, gliding easily on the muscle there with how slick she was. Hannah ran a hand along her side, the other had moved up to grip on a hip until eventually Shaw rolled off to lie beside her.

She used to curl against Ryan's chest, listening his words muffled among the steady thump of his heart under her ear and soothed by his fingers playing with her hair. She thought it would be quite similar with Tammy and that, the persistent thought of Tammy after a mind-blowing orgasm with someone else, was the exact reason she was going to be honest about her feeling first thing tomorrow.

With her mind clear, she got out of the bed and collected her discarded clothes on the way to the bathroom. She didn't feel like doing the walk of shame tomorrow. Shaw didn't move at all from her position lying on the bed, eyes closed with the barest smile on her lips, like she was listening to someone talking in her ear. Hannah couldn't shake the feeling that she was somehow intruding something intimate and hurried to the bathroom.

Several minutes later, she halted by the door, straining to listen to anything beyond. She slid it open just enough to watch Shaw sitting on the edge of the bed, talking in low voices as her hands combed through her hair to put them in a ponytail. When Hannah opened the door all the way, Shaw had stopped talking. She didn't have any phone near her.

The thought of the prevalence of former military personnel suffering from PTSD was quick to cloud Hannah's judgment and tint it with pity. She had the number memorized in her mind, ready to offer them to Shaw. However, all went forgotten the moment her eyes landed on the expanse of skin on Shaw's back. Smooth, but not unblemished. There were scars, mostly long healed, of different shape and sizes. *Torture marks*, her mind chimed in. Telling Shaw the customary *thank you for your service* and handing her the number for the National Center for PTSD was rudely inadequate and so inappropriate to someone whose fingers were still sticky from being inside her minutes ago.

Instead, she rounded the bed and stood beside where Shaw was. Perhaps in another lifetime she'd kiss her on the lips, give her her number, and they could go on a date—but not in this one. In this one, she smiled, encouraged when it was returned, and bent down to kiss Shaw's cheek before she left.

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